I HEAR YOU, KING BABY. DEADPOOL COULD TELL YOU WERE SORT OF BENT OUT OF SHAPE, SO HE SENT ME AROUND TO MAKE SURE YOU DIDN'T FALL OFF THE RAGE WAGON.
ZZZZZZZZZ
IF YOU WISH TO KEEP RAGE OUT OF MY HEART, DO NOT ***MENTION*** THAT NAME. NOT EVEN THIS ENTIRE JUG OF MULLED WINE IS ENOUGH TO STILL MY OUTRAGE. IT IS ***DEADPOOL*** WHO HAS TURNED MY DAUGHTER AGAINST ME. TEELA USED TO BE LOYAL TO THE KROOK ***AND*** HER FATHER.
THOSE LOYAL TO ME AND TO THE KROOK WAY OF LIFE HAVE MOVED OUT OF THE CITY. YET EACH NIGHT A FEW SLIP AWAY, LURED BY THE BRIGHT LIGHTS. SOME EVENTUALLY COME BACK.
OTHERS DO NOT.
TELL YOU WHAT. LET'S YOU AND ME GO HAVE A TALK WITH DEADPOOL. I'M SURE IF WE APPROACH HIM IN A CALM, REASONABLE MANNER, HE'LL RESPOND IN THE SAME WAY. TRUST ME. I KNOW THE GUY LIKE I KNOW ***MYSELF.***
WE CAN TRY IT YOUR WAY, BUT I'D STILL RATHER JUST STICK A SPEAR IN HIS GIZZARD.
WE'VE ***ALL*** WANTED TO DO THAT ONE TIME OR ANOTHER.
YOU KNOW WHAT I BET? I BET DEADPOOL SAYS I'M TOTALLY AND COMPLETELY RIGHT AND APOLOGIZES AND TELLS ME I SMELL LIKE HONEY AND CINNAMON AND EVERYTHING WILL BE JUST ***FINE.***